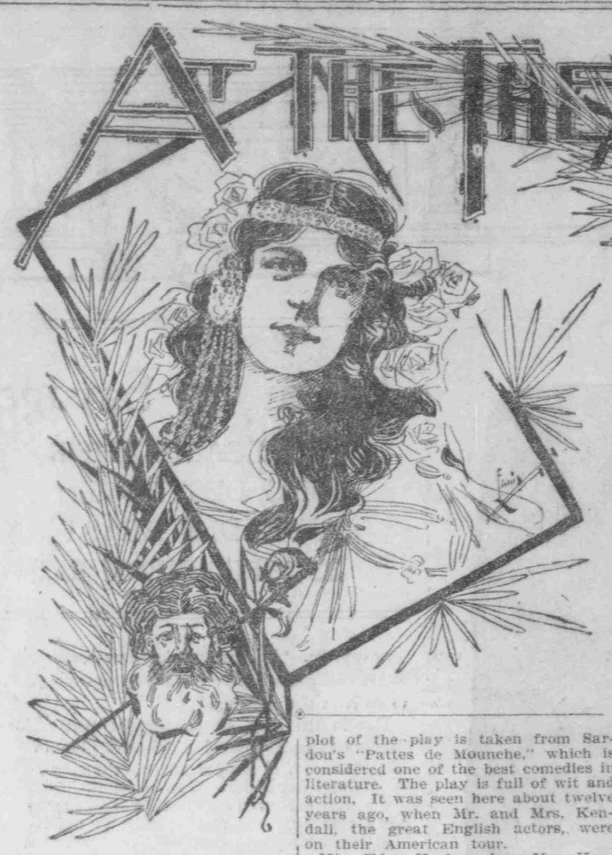

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE.—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday matinee, Howard Kyle in "Rosemary"; Friday evening, the University Dramatic club in "A Scrap of Paper."

GRAND.—Tonight, band concert; Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

That dean of the dramatic critics, William Winter of the New York Tribune, is growing pessimistic in his old age. Mr. Winter has for years been more or less inclined to pessimism, but he out-Winters Winter in his latest outbreak. Recently he said:

There has not been a time in fifty years when the theatre was at so low a level as it has reached today—when the impulse is vanity, the motive is greed, the method is sordid engrossment, the aim is exclusively "business," and the result is a barren traffic and an arid waste. Voices, indeed, are faintly crying in the wilderness to signify that somebody beneath the underbrush wants to "elevate the drama"; but these, in every case, are found to be the voices of visionary zanies, like the sentimental W. B. Yeats, whose actual purpose is only to elevate themselves.

Things are pretty bad, theatrically, we know, but they aren't as bad as Mr. Winter would have us believe. They aren't really. It is true that a spirit of commercialism has taken hold of the stage and the stage folk, but if it were not for the dollars of the public the stage would go to the bow wows in an excruciatingly brief period of time. So the dollars must be looked after. It costs money to operate theatres, traveling companies do not, as a rule, ride on passes, elaborate scenery, though not as expensive as some of the managers would have us believe, necessitates a more or less liberal outlay of money.

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Mr. Winter is a critic for whom we have the most profound respect, but he lives too much in the past, as veterans are so apt to live, and he sees the past through the rose glow that often dims the vision of men who walk continuously in the yesterdays. We youngsters hear a good deal of the Edwin Booths, the Lawrence Barretts, the Mary Andersons and all the others who are only names, honored, illustrious names, to the present generation of playgoers.

We are told that these men and these women actually elevated the stage; that their sole object in life was to present pure, clean, ennobling drama; that they lived and moved and had their being in a higher, rarer, clearer atmosphere than the play people of today. We are perfectly willing to concede a greater part of all this. But we cannot refrain from calling attention to one thing.

* * *

Did not the great ones of the past die or retire from the stage with "much goods laid up for many years?" Is there any record of their elevating the stage without charge for said elevations, except at occasional benefit per other? Haven't you heard old-time playgoers tell how they paid $5 for the privilege of standing through a performance by this star or that?

Oh, yes, the stage was elevated, all right enough, but the price of tickets was elevated along with it. The stars got the money. We have no complaint to offer on that score. They undoubtedly earned every cent they received. They earned the affection and the approbation of the public, too, and we don't begrudge it to them. But we cannot concede that their death or retirement marked the decease of all that is good, all that is commendable, all that is really worth while, in the world of theatricals.

* * *

There is at least one woman on the American stage today who is as fine an actress in every respect as was Mary Anderson. That woman is Maude Adams. There are men and women on the American stage today who are altogether worthy to follow in the footsteps of their great predecessors. We must refuse to be pessimistic while such stars of Edward H. Sothern, Richard Mansfield, William Gillette, Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe and many lights of lesser magnitude are with us. They play for money, just as their predecessors played for money, but they give as full a return as ever their predecessors did, and it is entirely probable that the critics of today will lament them as heartily tomorrow as Mr. Winter is lamenting his actor friends of yesterday.

* * *

We certainly thought the Press club's "Tom Show" would put "Uncle Tom's Cabin" out of business forever, as far as Salt Lake City is concerned. However, it was not to be. It comes to the Grand for the last half of the week with all kinds of gorgeous trimmings.

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Howard Kyle in "Rosemary" should do a good business at the Salt Lake theatre the first half of the week. The only other attraction scheduled for the week at the Theatre is the University club in "A Scrap of Paper." The Grand will be dark the first half of the week.

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Next Friday night the University Dramatic club will fill its annual engagement at the Salt Lake theatre.

The play the students have selected this year is the comedy, "A Scrap of Paper," by Jo Palgrave Simpson. The plot of the play is taken from Sardou's "Pattes de Mouche," which is considered one of the best comedies in literature. The play is full of wit and action. It was seen here about twelve years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, the great English actors, were on their American tour.

Miss Edna Harker plays Mrs. Kendall's part (Suzanne de Ruseville). Miss Harker is well known to Salt Lake theatre-goers, and it is safe to say she will add another success to her past achievements. Elbert Thomas has Mr. Kendall's part (Prosper Couramont). This is perhaps the most difficult part that any of the students has tried, but Mr. Thomas has surprised us before; especially did he last year in his interpretation of the difficult role of Tweenways in "The Amazons." While the character essayed is hard, we expect Mr. Thomas not to fall below his standard. Misses Ardella Bitner and Ellen Tibbetts, two of last year's Amazons, are still with the club, playing Louise de la Glaciere and Mathilde. The other old members of the Dramatic club are Jay E. Johnson and Will Mifflin. Mr. Johnson has the part of Brisemouche, the naturalist, which gives him better chances to display his ability than anything he has played before. The new members of the club are Misses Schmierer, Snow and Parkinson, and Messrs. Carlson and Marshall. Of these, Mr. Carlson is best known as a football player of no mean ability, he having been on the U. of U. football team for two seasons.

Miss Maud May Babcock, to whom the success of the organization is almost entirely due, is again directing the students. Her work has become so well known that it is unnecessary to say any more of her now. The complete cast follows:

Suzanne de Ruseville .....
.....Miss Edna Harker
Louise de la Glaciere .....
.....Miss Ardella Bitner
Mathilde .....Miss Ellen Tibbetts
Prosper Couramont .....
.....Elbert D. Thomas
Brisemouche .....Jay E. Johnson
Baron de la Glaciere....Oscar Carlson
Baptiste .....Will Mifflin
Anatole .....Leo Marshall
Mlle. Dupont .....Claudia Schmierer
Polly .....Elva Parkinson
Mlle. Zenobie .....Retta Snow

PRESS AGENTS PROMISE.

Howard Kyle, who will be seen in the New York Empire theatre success, "Rosemary," at the Salt Lake theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next, has been a most successful actor, having created the leading male role of David in "Way Down East." He also starred for two seasons in an elaborate revival of "Nathan Hale." For his starring tour in "Rosemary" the pretty English nineteenth century romance, Mr. Kyle is surrounded by a company of unusual excellence, every member of which has been selected with special care as to his or her fitness for the part to be portrayed. Since the first announcement was made of the appearance of Mr. Kyle many inquiries have been made at the box office of the Theatre. These inquiries are a sufficient proof of the widespread interest manifested in the famous New York Empire theatre success, in which John Drew and Maude Adams appeared for one season. It is also abundant proof of the fact that the news of the success achieved by Mr. Kyle and his associates has reached this city. It is reported that several theatre parties have already been formed among leading society people.

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Howard Kyle, the star of "Rosemary," which comes to the Salt Lake theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, called to mind recently an anecdote, the origin of which appears to have been the foundation of a great many theatrical stories.

The episode occurred several years ago when the actor was at the helm of a small organization touring Virginia. The show was in Bluefields on Monday. The weather was warm. Promptly at 8 o'clock the orchestra appeared; the time for the curtain was 8:15, and, after the overture was played, everything was in readiness. Kyle stood in the first entrance nervously waiting for the curtain to go up. The overture was played over again. Kyle became exasperated. Then he peeped through a hole in the curtain and saw less than forty people in the house. Catching the eye of the leader of the orchestra, he yelled out:

"Say, did you ever have a good house in this town?"

"Yes," answered the leader, carelessly swinging his baton.

"When?" demanded Kyle, infuriated at the easy rejoinder.

"About twelve years ago," returned the conductor. "It burned down."

* * *

There was never a play produced on the American stage that is so favorably known or that has enjoyed the popularity and been accorded the patronage by so large a percentage of the general public as the dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it is said that no organization presenting this beautiful drama ever contained so much real merit in so many features as Stetson's big double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, which appears at the Grand theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday, matinee Saturday at 2:15 p. m. There is no question but that the audiences will be large during this engagement, as its wonderful success does not depend wholly on regular theatre-goers for patronage, but draws its clientage from all classes of society. The lesson taught by this great drama is one that appeals to the sympathies of all religious denominations and, in addition, invariably draws to its performances a majority of regular theatre patrons, even though it may have been seen many times before. There is so much genuine merit in the play from a dramatic standpoint and the heart interest is so intense in the development of the story that no matter how often it may be witnessed, it ever possesses new charm for the spectator; while the simplicity and naturalness of character and development of the plot makes it attractive and easy to understand, thus giving equal pleasure to young and old.

* * *

He was unmistakably German and there could be no argument that he had been drinking more of the beverage of the fatherland than was good for him. He had a ticket to the Grand theatre that had been purchased several days before, and there was peculiar significance in the fact that the "Prince of Pilsen" was holding the stage.

The unsteady progression of the stranger attracted the attention of "Big Ben" Rosenthal, who was on the balcony door, and promptly the stranger was stopped and told that he could not enter the theatre unless strictly sober. He was led to the ticket window at the box office, where "Big Ben" explained the condition to Jason Ratekin, treasurer of the house, who promptly refunded the money for the unused ticket.

The stranger wabbled about, clutching at the window shield.

"Why is it I haf been disqualificationed?" he asked seriously.

"Haf you efer been to Cincinnati?" asked Jason.

"Tchure, Ich bin in Kansas City selt 1889 gewesen."

"You win," said the treasurer, pushing out the money.

The stranger seemed fully satisfied, and went his way, no doubt imagining that he had just cashed in a successful pool ticket.—Kansas City Journal.

* * *

"Mistah Jinglesnopper," said Mistah Johnsing, "I has er c'nund'um fo' yo' dis ebenin'."

"Yo' has? Den, suh, tell me what hit is."

"What am de diffunce ertween a drop-curtain an' a actoh?"

"Easy, simple! De curtain gits a roll an' de actoh gits a role."

"No, suh; no, suh!"

"Den, what is de diffunce?"

"De actoh in his time plays many pahts, an' de curtain in its time pahts many plays."

At this juncture Mr. J. Roozlety Flopper, the eminent contra tenor, arose and sang his lovely ballad, "The Moonshine of Kentucky is the Sunshine of My Life."

* * *

Robert B. Mantell says when on a recent western tour with "The Light of Other Days," the company had, through some mistake of the management, one engagement in a Colorado town of about 300 people. "We arrived there about noon," said Mr. Mantell, "and had eight hours to kill, with nothing to kill it with. I took a stroll up the one street alone; and you might have thought by the eyes at the windows, and the way the natives stopped on the street and rubbered, and I would almost say the way the horses shied, that I was 'Jo, Jo,' or an escaped lunatic. I decided that it was merely because I was a stranger and that every one knew every one else, and so didn't know me. Finally I met one old shell-back codger who looked more like a superanuated New England Yankee than a Colorado miner. I thought, there, at last, is a man that will know that such things as I are quite common in certain countries. But when I approached him he kept backing away, and then he came sidling along, as though he was stalking a deer, and just as I passed him I heard him mumble: 'G-Gosh, what things ye do see when ye ain't got no gun.'"

* * *

Now and then there appears a considerate star who prevails upon a considerate management to do something for those members of the acting profession who are not often considered. Paula Edwards is such a star, and the managers of "Winsome Winnie," the Schuberts, have proved that kind of managers. The chorus girls are the gainers.

Miss Edwards, so the story goes (and it matters not how it originated or who wrote it, if it be true), noticed the long hours the girls in the chorus had to stand on their feet during rehearsals. She asked the management to provide benches for them to rest on when they were not taking part, and the benches were provided. Said Miss Edwards:

"I have seen more girls faint from the effect of standing during the long waits between turns than from the actual exhaustion of dancing. The girls are not permitted to escape from the eagle eye of the stage managers long enough to rest on the stairways, and as no chairs are provided they obtain relief only by leaning against the piano or the scenery or sitting on the floor. That is responsible for many of the colds and attacks of neuralgia which are prevalent, because the girls usually find it necessary to sit directly in line with drafts across the stage."

* * *

The editor in the some-nights-stand town certainly has his troubles with the theatre men. An incident at hand called forth the appended editorial in an up-country exchange:

"Last Friday morning a young man with black hair and eyes rushed into our office and asked if it was too late to get an announcement in the paper. We replied by saying we could make room for a small local. Thus appeared the announcement that 'Faust,' that great six-act drama, would be played at the Ogden opera house Tuesday evening with gorgeous costumes, special scenery, chemical effects, etc. Of course, we believed what we saw and thought the troupe would do as it advertised. But we were fooled—there were others. Instead of 'Faust' it should have been called 'frost.' It was a frost pure and simple. The troupe didn't play. We are glad we were not given tickets, for then we would have been disappointed sure enough, because we would have expected to secure a squint at the devil. But we think our stars that if we never see the devil until we see the one this show produces we will be O. K. in the great beyond. The chemicals they carried no doubt exploded and blew them and their devil out of existence.

* * *

The New York World wittily comments upon an interesting dramatic trial that occurred recently at Yale college:

"A Yale jury has failed to convict Hamlet of murder. Polonius, 'dead for a ducat,' behind the arras, thus remains unavenged. To many who follow the celebrated court cases of the day there will seem to have been a miscarriage of justice through the neglect of the prosecution to make adequate use of the incriminating evidence of inanimate objects abundantly at hand or to exhaust the resources of expert testimony in rebuttal of the plea of insanity.

"The defendant's sword, for instance, the alleged instrument of death, was not produced in the court room. There was no rabbit serum chemical analysis designed to show that the red stains on the steel were human blood and the blood of a man of years in whose veins the red corpuscles were deficient. There was no diagram of the scene of the crime, with exact calculation of the resisting qualities of the arras in question to penetration by a sharp weapon. A motive was not properly established. Nor was the crime re-enacted in the presence of the jury. Ophelia was not put in the box and made to tell the story of her love affair with the prince. The cross-examination was academic and not conducted with the force and fervor of existing criminal court procedure. The prosecution was also weak in its presentation of theories which any reputable alienist might have advanced to show that the allegations of insanity by the defense were unsubstantiated. There was no disagreement of experts, because there were no experts to disagree.

* * *

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert is the oldest actress on earth still in service. She was too far advanced when she joined Augustin Daly's company to be molded anew by him, but she and the late James Lewis were almost as valuable to him as John Drew and Ada Rehan. When he died she declared that, after a quarter of a century with him she could not bear to hire out to any other manager. But Charles Frohman persuaded her and almost continuously since then she has been with Annie Russell. She has the very small role of a mother-in-law in "The Younger Mrs. Parling," the new play which Frohman has assigned to Miss Russell. The dear old lady has been hurt lately by a fall, and on the opening night was manifestly very feeble. Upon her entrance the audience gave her a tremendous greeting. The applause held up the scene, and was protracted until Mrs. Gilbert exclaimed, with tears running down her cheeks: "Oh, stop, my friends—do please stop!"

* * *

Peter F. Dailey will probably be put under bonds not to crack any off-stage jokes during the Weberfields' invasion of the Pacific coast. In the preparations made for the long journey it looks as if every chorus girl has put in an application to carry with her a colored maid. These numerous Ethiopian adjuncts to the dressing room have aroused a fear that some members of the company will be crowded out of the cars, and forced to ride on the bumpers.

"Those girls think they are funny," said Lew Fields. "I guess some of these maids themselves will bring along personal maids to wait on them."

"The chorus girls," said Dailey, "are as funny as the Sunday newspaper."

"Where's the resemblance?" asked the unsuspecting Lew.

"Why, each one has a colored supplement!" said Dailey.

* * *

Dion Boucicault, it is claimed, is responsible for the fortunes acquired by modern playwrights. It is conceded that but few forms of industry are as productive or have improved so much in recent years as play writing.

Formerly makers of plays sold them outright to managers, who gave all the way from $20 to $2,500 for the work, everything depending on the fame of the writer. "The Lady of Lyons" was sold by Bulwer Lytton to Macready for $50, while Goldsmith for his "She Stoops to Conquer" got $4,500. Dr. Johnson received $5,000 for a drama that was a complete failure, while Tom Taylor got only $750 for the perennially popular "Ticket-of-Leave Man." The '50s marked the absolute low-water mark of the craft of the dramatist as a money-making medium.

The modern system is for the dramatist to receive a certain percentage of the gross receipts of the theatre at which his play is acted, the percentage, of course, varying with the fame of the writer.

This system was inaugurated by Boucicault in this country, and was, as a matter of fact, the result of an accident. A certain American manager was unable to pay Boucicault $1,000 for the rights of one of his pieces, and it was agreed that as an alternative the playwright should accept a proportion of the receipts. This lucky accident led Boucicault to realize the possibilities that there were in this form of payment.

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One of Joseph Jefferson's favorite stories, and one that has been gobbled up and told on or by nearly every actor in the profession, is the one concerning the chronic dead beat. As it follows the coffee when Mr. Jefferson attends a dinner, it generally goes like this:

"While starring through Indiana several years ago my manager was approached by a man who had the local reputation of being a pass 'worker,' or dead beat. He told the usual yarn about being a former actor and ended by asking for professional courtesies.

"'I would be glad to oblige you,' said the manager, 'but, unfortunately, I haven't a card with me.' Just then a happy thought struck him, and he added: 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write the pass where it will be easy for you to show it.'

"Leaning over, with a pencil he wrote, 'Pass the bearer' on the fellow's white shirt front and signed his name. The beat thanked him and hastened to the gate. The ticket taker gravely examined the writing and let him take a few steps inside, then he called him back and said, in a loud voice:

"'Hold on, my friend, I forgot. It will be necessary for you to leave that pass with me.'"

* * *

Laurence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, is of a very gloomy disposition. He is a disciple of Tolstoi, and is troubled with many theories with regard to the changing of present conditions for the betterment of mankind. In addition to his work as an actor, he has written several plays. They are all of the gloomy sort, however, and have not been successful. Yet his friends predict for him a great future as a dramatist when he shall have shaken off the morbidness of thought that now envelops him.

One of his best friends and most ardent admirers is E. H. Sothern. Mr. Sothern has known young Irving since he was a boy, and chuckles over this story, which he tells on his fellow-actor and playwright:

"Laurence is married now, you know," says Mr. Sothern, "and his moroseness is rapidly disappearing under the influence of his happy marriage. Still, he finds it hard to let go his old role of a pessimist all of a sudden.

"A short while ago I had luncheon with him and Mrs. Irving. All through the meal he was in the happiest, brightest humor, laughing and joking as I had never known him to do before. I was so struck with it that I remarked upon the change.

"'Oh, yes,' he said. 'Everything is changed now. The world is bright and gay. No more gloominess for me.'

"'And,' chimed in Mrs. Irving, 'Laurence has written a new play. It is full of sunshine and humor, and is sure to be a great success.'

"'Is that so, Laurence?' I asked. 'What is the name of your new play?'

"The old, gloomy look came over his face as he thought of his work. 'It is called,' he said slowly, 'it is called "In the Depths."'".

* * *

David Belasco, having conquered the world of scenic elaboration, is sighing for a return to simple methods in stage effects. He (though he does not admit it) has been impressed by the forceful simplicity of those dramas the entire action of which takes place in a single, plainly furnished room.

"The truth of the matter is," said he, in a recent interview, "the elaborate stage production has been overdone. Managers have spent fortunes on tawdry, gaudy, garish productions, and the public is tired of them.

"Personally, I have always tried to keep the sense of harmony undestroyed. If I have given an elaborate setting it is a setting simply, and not the whole thing; there has been a good drama and good actors. But in many cases managers have given bad plays with poor acting and tried to cover up the deficiencies with scenic effects, and the public will not stand for it any longer.

"These managers have really believed that they were giving their audiences what was desired, but they have gone too far. They have discovered that magnificent costumes and scenic embellishments alone will not satisfy.

"I want to put on a simple play, something simple as this room," and he swept a comprehensive gesture toward the plainly furnished office. "I want nothing gaudy any more.

"I don't know why. I never know why I do things or want to do them. I simply feel, and if the feeling is strong enough I go ahead.

"Just at present I have the feeling strongly that the simple play is the thing. I don't know that you can call that feeling intuition. I am not sure that I am reading the public taste. In fact, I am not trying to. The idea has taken possession of me and I want to obey it.

"I should like everything to be real, too. I want real doors and real windows and real everything. I want to get the artificial as far away from me as possible."

A slightly whimsical expression came into his coal black eyes.

"It cost somewhere in the neighborhood of $60,000 to put 'Kitty Bellairs' on, and I suppose I could spend pretty near that amount in what I mean by a 'simple' production, if I have everything genuine. Financially speaking, it will not leave me any better off."

"When you say simple plays, do you mean plays like those of Bernard Shaw and Ibsen?"

"No, I was not thinking of that style of play at all. The simple play to me is the play that is perfectly harmonious in its background and setting, a play that never obtrudes its scenic arrangements into your thoughts.

"If it is a play of the present everything should be an absolutely correct representation of the present-day furniture, costumes, etc., not overdone.

"If, on the other hand, it is a historical drama, let it be properly set. That is all.

"In the past few seasons I have put on very elaborate productions. I am anxious now to see if I can interest the people with a simple production, a circle play with a fine cast."

"In a way 'Du Barry' was a simple play, although it is usually quoted as an elaborate production. It is simple from the fact that it is harmonious.

"To have placed Du Barry in any other environment than the one I did would have been an artistic blunder. She was a woman who was surrounded by luxury; she had the nation's purse opened for her pleasure."

During his talk Mr. Belasco voiced another opinion—one concerning the players of other generations.

"I played with nearly all the great men that were in the west," said he, "with John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett. My earliest appearance was in Victoria, Vancouver island, with Julia Dean Hayne, where I took the part of little William in 'East Lynne.' I saw Edwin Forrest and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

"I know it is said that if those men and women acted today who made such a furore in their time we would not stand for it; but there was something in their facial expressions, something in their voices, that thrills me in memory even now. It was not, I am sure, because they were the first great actors and actresses that I had seen—it was something in them, something that impressed and would impress today.

"You take a woman like Charlotte Cushman. She had what we call the heavy attack. She was masculine in her methods, she had none of the subtle, refined ways that we desire in our players; but should she play today you would find that she would impress us just the same as she did the last generation.

"She might have to change her methods, for the methods now are different, but she was always human in what she did; so she would be human now, and it would be through that humanity that she would reach us.

"If the actor is human he will appeal to any time and in any part of the world."

* * *

Two of the new plays of the season which promise to live long enough to include a western tour, and, therefore, to make their stories of interest, are "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "The Younger Mrs. Parling."

In the former, a dramatization of "The Bath Comedy," Henrietta Crosman is appearing under the direction of David Belasco; the latter Annie Russell but recently produced in New York, after it had had a successful trial in the provinces.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" is laid in the time of George III; the scene is England and the place Bath. At the opening of the play, outside the little town, the soldiers are encamped awaiting orders to sail for the war. The belle of Bath is Kitty Bellairs, the idol of every man in the English and Irish regiments. They all love Kitty, but she will have none of them and her fancy remains free until she meets Lord Verney, an English officer. Verney is too bashful to make love to Kitty, so she makes love to him.

It transpires that one Sir Jasper Standish is exceedingly neglectful of his wife Julia, who, nevertheless, is much in love with him. Kitty tells Julia she should make Sir Jasper jealous if she would have his love. Therefore, Julia, in a make-believe flirtation, waves her handkerchief to Lord Verney. Sir Jasper, seeing it, promptly challenges the soldier to a duel. Jasper is an expert swordsman, and to Kitty a duel with Verney means certain death to her lover. To prevent this meeting Kitty and Julia go to Verney's rooms in the second act to persuade him not to fight. Verney is surrounded by a lot of friends and his seconds, who have had a bit too much.

Verney's friends go into another room and Kitty enters, disguised, leaving Julia in the hall. Verney finally discovers Kitty's identity, and she goes without persuading him not to fight. Thinking her gone, Verney joins his friends. Before Julia and Kitty can get out of the front door, however, Sir Jasper enters and Kitty and Julia are compelled to hide. Sir Jasper enters and apologizes to Verney. It is then discovered that there is a woman in Verney's room. There is a lot of fun poked at Verney, and finally one of the officers, reaching under the curtain, pulls off Julia's shoe. Sir Jasper, with the others, drinks a toast out of it, but, unfortunately, recognizes his wife's shoe. He and Verney fight, and just as he is about to tear the curtains down Kitty steps out, with Julia still concealed. Upon the instant Verney announces that Kitty is to be his wife. Drawing behind the curtain again, Kitty puts her cloak about Julia and, escorted by her husband, unawares, Julia is led out of the room. The next act is a ball where, owing to her escapade, Kitty, who is to lead the dance, is publicly snubbed. In order to protect her Verney decides to give up his commission, but Kitty persuades him that it was only a flirtation and that she doesn't love him. So, leaving her with a breaking heart, he goes to the war. In the last act there is a reconciliation, when it is proved that Julia was with Kitty in Verney's room and all ends happily.

* * *

Miss Russell's new play (an adaptation from the French by Haddon Chambers) is a trifle more serious than any she has had for several seasons last past. The story of "The Younger Mrs. Parling" centers about Jaqueline Carstairs, a young girl who has been brought up under irregular circumstances. Her mother is charming, but frail; her father she never knew. Her own aspirations are for a quite respectable life, and in her endeavors to gain this she makes the mistake of marrying James Parling, an intolerant provincial, who is in love with her. There is another man in love with Jaqueline, named Cyril Martyn, who is a young and agreeable fellow, but he fails to fulfill Jaqueline's ideas of what is reliable and trustworthy.

Her husband takes her to the home of his parents, where she is surrounded by a narrow, hypocritical and intolerant set, and she is avoided like a leper by so-called local society. Mrs. Parling leaves home and goes to join her husband in London, and demands from him the peace and happiness which he swore to find for her when she promised to be his wife. He then removes her to a small room in the neighborhood of his parents' house. Society still avoids her, but she is comparatively happy. Her mother pays her a flying visit and the father and the husband are horrified and society shocked.

Jaqueline's greatest and last difficulty is the insulting attitude of her husband to her mother. The outcome of the situation is that James Parling turns his wife's mother out of the house. Cyril Martyn is shocked by the news of her great unhappiness. He still loves her and proposes an innocent elopement. Jaqueline promises nothing and sends Cyril away. Her husband returns and announces that he has arranged with his father that he and Jaqueline shall return to the elder Parling's home to live. Jaqueline makes her decision in silence. Her husband sits at his desk to write to his father about a good piece of business news he has received by telegraph. While he is doing this Jaqueline quietly puts on her hat and walks out of the house and out of his life.

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The catalogued schemes resorted to by the tricky portion of the play-following public to "beat the box office" has been increased by one. It is a sly appeal to the vanity of the managers, and it worked quite successfully in New York until the workers, emboldened by success, aroused the suspicions of the workees.

Charles Burnham, manager of Wallack's, was the first to become suspicious of certain written requests for passes sent by mail to that theatre. A letter requesting two seats for "The County Chairman" was signed, daintily, "Lucille Burnham." As nothing is too good for the Burnhams, wherever they come from, the manager sent her the tickets. A few days later Madison Corey received a similar request signed "Maude Corey." He commented upon the letter quite casually to Mr. Burnham, and they compared notes, to find that the letters were in the same handwriting. Upon inquiry they found that nearly everybody in authority about the theatre had been favored in like manner by the same person.

Two days ago George Bowles, business manager of Frank Daniels, received a written request for tickets from a person who signed the name "Hattie Bowles." The name appealed to Mr. Bowles in some subtle way, and he sent the desired seat checks. Yesterday he was conversing with Manager Yack of the Maxine Elliott company.

"Ever hear of anybody else with a name like mine?" asked Yack.

"No," answered Bowles.

"Well, here is one. It sounded so good I sent her two seats."

He showed Bowles a letter signed "Bertha Yack." Then Bowles laughed. It was in the same handwriting as that he had yielded to. The two set out to make inquiries up and down Broadway, and in two hours had gained enough stories of experiences with the familiar letter writer to make a new chapter of the contemplated symposium, "Are Theatrical Managers Easy?"

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The matinee girl whose knowledge of David Garrick hinges on her recollection of her favorite actor in the play of that name has a severe shock coming to her when she sees the treatment accorded the character by Frances Aymar Mathews in Grace George's new vehicle, "Pretty Peggy." Miss Mathews paints "the little great man of Drury Lane" as miserly, irresponsible and dishonest in his love affairs. In this estimate of his qualities she has the support of no less an authority than J. Fitzgerald Molloy, who in "The Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington" relates that when Garrick and the actress were living together they alternated in paying expenses. "And," he adds, "Garrick's meanness was so well known in London that the suppers at their apartments were best attended during the weeks in which Peg footed the bills."

Some pages farther on in the same interesting book Molloy tells of a witticism perpetrated at the expense of Garrick. The actor was walking with Foote, when he dropped a shilling, for which he groveled in the dirt several minutes. "Where can it be?" asked Foote, out of countenance at the delay.

"Gone to the devil, I think," replied Garrick.

"Ah, Davy, Davy," returned the wit, smiling broadly, "you always could make a shilling go farther than any other man." David Garrick is impersonated in "Pretty Peggy" by Robert Loraine, an English actor eminently fitted for the portrayal.

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The announcement comes from Amelia Bingham that when she goes on tour in a few days Miss Bingham will have a new personal representative to take the place of Nathaniel Roth, who has acted in this capacity the present season in New York. The worst of it is this new representative is to be that modern buccaneer and critic-smashing genius, Lloyd Bingham, who happens to be Miss Bingham's husband and champion. Mr. Bingham's taking to the road might be construed as a threat by timid critics.

Members of the University Dramatic Club which will present "A Scrap of Paper."

Scene From "Rosemary", With Howard Kyle, at the Salt Lake Theatre Feb. 15, 16 and 17.